DAILY SENTINEL

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 6.

The Foreign Policy of America

From The London Times, April 19.

The last intelligence from New York exhibits that city in all the intoxication of triumph.

* * *

But no violent excitement can be very enduring, and no people more readily recover their faculty of taking a cool and practical view of things. The transaction, indeed, from the hot fit to the cold is often exceedingly rapid, and, when the reaction sets in, topics may be discussed with perfect calmness, which in the excess of fever would have excited a paroxysm of wrath.

We, therefore, merely regret that the first suggestion of the public orators on this occasion was that, one war being terminated, the whole nation should embroil itself in another—nay, in series of wars. But at that moment of utterance much was overlooked that will, in a not distant future, ask very serious consideration. We also regret that, next to the idea of war generally, the most popular suggestion was war with England. But we cannot regard these fiery denunciations seriously. In a bidding for applause there is no check to the extravagance of promise, however wild it may be; the speaker is always comfortably aware that he runs little risk of being called on to fulfill it. Passion ruled the hour, and the orators would not have been listened to had they not complied with the time, and spoken with the unchecked vehemence that suited it. We are not disposed to attach overmuch importance to allusions to the "Fenian brotherhood." It is told off in good round numbers, but we know enough of the apparition and how it has been got up to deprive the threat of any significance. Every generation has had some political scooped turnip of this kind held up to it, with assurances that it is very terrible. But that the Americans will not countenance the imposition beyond the point of political utility in their own elections, we may feel assured.

The much truer expression of American feeling, we trust, was given at Washington, where the members of the government were summoned, as usual, on far less important occasions, to address a public gathering. They spoke under a double responsibility, as ministers and the representatives of the republican party. Public enthusiasm cannot entirely carry away men holding such a position. They must consider something beyond momentary applause. They must avoid official embarrassments, and not endanger the "party" interests. The Washington speeches, therefore, are pitched in a more moderate key than those of New York. Statesmen cannot indulge in the Cambyses' vein," living, as they do, in terror of after explanations. Mr. Seward, therefore, did not encourage the New York suggestions of vengeance and war. He adopted a lighter mode of treatment for the crisis. He very skillfully evaded the perils of a set speech, and rather amused his audience than stirred them. His address served the purpose. He could not let England escape altogether, but he did not threaten her with extermination, or to annex Canada forthwith. He dealt in inuendo, which, as it pleased his hearers, we have not the slightest wish to quarrel with. There was far less bitterness in his speech than in the tone of many of his dispatches, written when a European intervention was really apprehended. The Americans must now acknowledge that the apprehension was groundless. Against the few reproaches Mr. Seward launched at us, we set the instances in which, by his official acts, he checked the rashness of subordinate officers of the government. If such inflammatory harangues as those delivered at New York do not affect the policy of the administration, it would be unreasonable to attach too much importance to them. Very possibly Mr. Seward could not have spoken so temperately to the excited thousands of New York. But we believe the more moderate tone of the official addresses at Washington is a more reliable index of American policy.

An Hour With Grant.

Correspondence of The Philadelphia Press.

WASHINGTON, April 30, 1865.

The public man most talked about, and whose face and form the people of our country are most anxious to see, is unquestionably General Grant. He has been so retiring and so reticent that he never yet made a speech a sentence in length, and has only shown himself in society when duty or stern custom required it. He does not seem to have any of the tastes for parades, or reviews or uniforms, of many of our commanders, and among them some of the bravest and best. Thus, when his terms had been accepted, a private and straightforward talk with Lee, and after a hurried ratification of it before the assembled armies, he left the rest of the formula to his officers; and instead of going to Richmond, the great prize so long and so bravely fought for, he turned his horse towards City Point, took the boat for Washington, reported quietly to the president, and then passed to the cars on his way to see his family at Burlington, New Jersey, having heard the news of Mr. Lincoln's murder on the boat from Philadelphia to Camden. It is more than probable that it was his natural aversion to the demonstrations of great crowds, and his strong domestic habits, which saved him from the fate of our beloved president. I was among those who witnessed the solemn ceremony in the East Room of the Presidential mansion on Wednesday, the 19th of April, in the presence of the senators and representatives of the United States, the supreme court, the foreign legations, the cabinet, and other heads of departments, and the chiefs of the army and the navy then in Washington.

I noted the entrance of Gen. Grant. Even in the sombre chamber, while every heart was filled with unutterable woe, and the sobs of the mourners could be distinctly heard, there was an eagerness to see and study the features of the great soldier who had conquered the most extended and tragic conspiracy in human annals. He took his place with almost painful modesty, seeming, as it were, to shrink from observation, and, although many advanced to gaze upon the lineaments lately so bright with benevolence and hope, then cold and stiff in death, Gen. Grant was not of the number. He had doubtless previously taken his last farewell.

When Gen. Sherman entered into his unfortunate negotiation with Joe Johnston, the lieutenant general himself carried the order countermanding it. Instead of making elaborate preparations, I quote the words of one who saw him take his leave: "He had with him only his small carpet bag and a full cigar case." Yesterday morning Gen Grant returned from Raleigh, and laid the result of his conference before the president. As I had never had the honor of a formal introduction to, or conversation with, Gen Grant, I embraced the opportunity of being presented to him last evening, in company with two gentlemen, one of them his intimate friend. He was not in his room when we arrived, so we waited till he came in from the war department. I confess, when the door softly opened, and a gentleman about the size of Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts, first quietly looked in, and then as quietly entered, smoking the stump of a cigar, I was a good deal surprised.

We were accordingly introduced. Putting his hand into his side pocket, he drew thence a paper of regalias, lighted a fresh one himself, at the same time offering them to his guests. And this was the lieutenant general of the irresistible army of the United States! This was the man whose achievements, as well in capturing Richmond as in the closing scene with Lee, are now discussed at every American fireside, and by all the military circles in the civilized world! But for the three stars on his shoulders he never would be taken for what he is by a stranger. Indeed, in citizens' dress, he would look more like a respectable Pennsylvania farmer than a thorough bred military man. There is such an utter absence of the characteristics of the martinet that it was difficult to realize that we stood in the presence of the first soldier in the world. Gen. Grant reached his forty third year on Friday, from which you may have an idea that he is very young-looking, as indeed he is. There was no care on his brows, no hesitation in his speech, and not the slightest disposition to conceal his thoughts or his own opinions. In this I was as much surprised as in the simplicity of his bearing. That he was a gentleman you perceived at once. He does not talk like a New Englander or a Southerner, but reminded me of a Scotch Irish Western Pennsylvanian. I could easily understand, however, in his looks, and in every word he spoke, that I was gazing upon and listening to the happiest man in America.

When he referred to the condition of the southern people it was as one who talked of an unfortunate, a desolated race. Two armies had fought, advanced, and retreated, again and again, over the best portion of their soil, and had left despair and misery, and almost starvation, before, behind and around them. Although he carefully avoided the slightest reference to politics, or to the numerous suggestions in connection with what is called reconstruction, or reorganization, and confined himself strictly to military topics, he more than once revealed that he would treat the masses of the south with kindness and humanity, especially in view of the fact that they had been forced to obey their own desperate leaders. Of one thing this interview impressed myself and my friend: the great plans which have excited so much admiration, and have been so unflinchingly adhered to in the midst of ridicule, calumny, and disaster, until victory sealed and confirmed them, have been the plans of General Grant himself.